

Silverscreen



March 30
1922
TEN CENTS

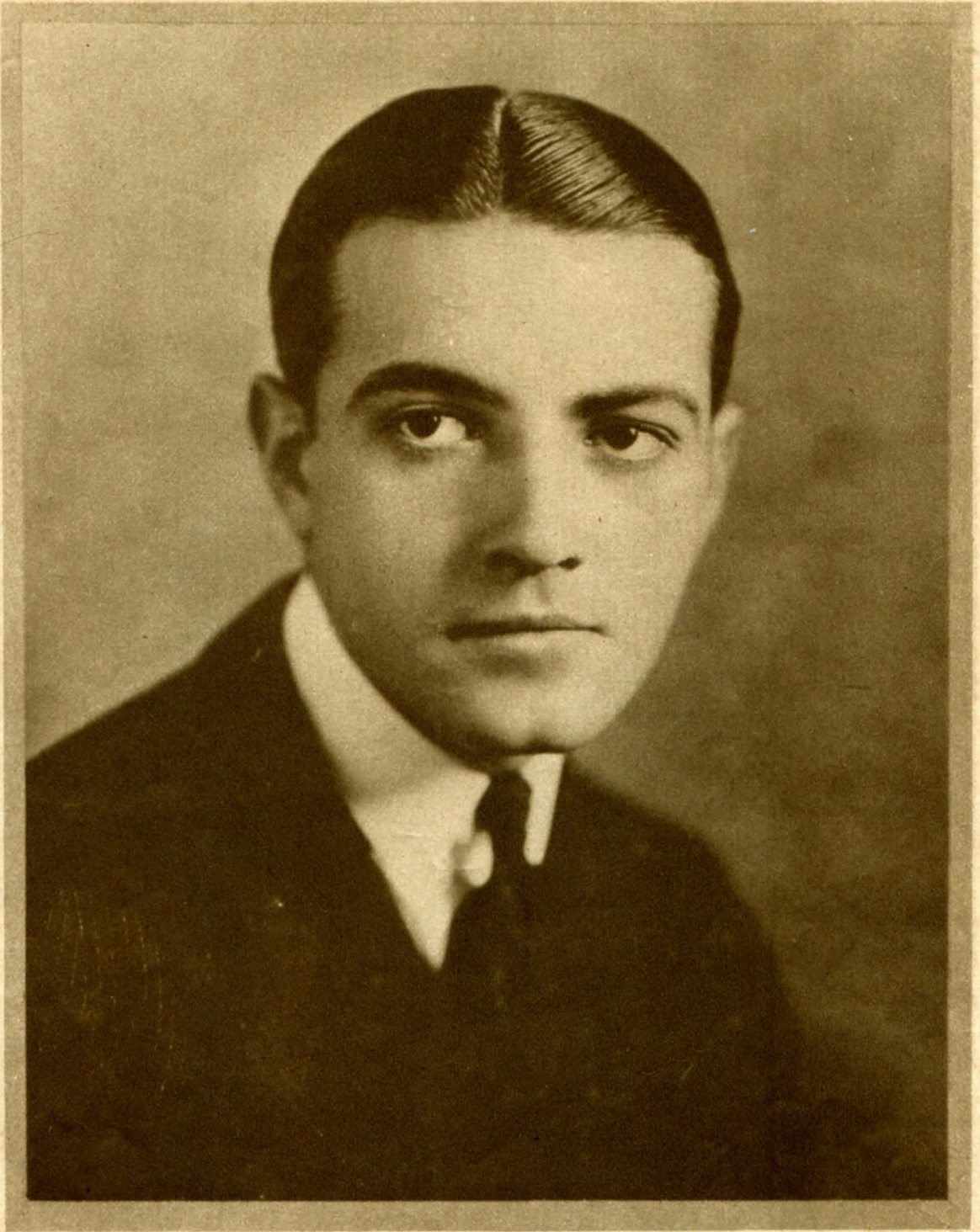
HELENE
CHADWICK



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

GLADYS WALTON

One of the pearls in the string of Universal stars.



RICHARD BARTHELMLESS

*When love is young in springtime, and boys are youthful too;
and girls are so alluring, what can a fellow do? A smile,
a look, a dimple; you're caught, you're captured—stung!
There is danger in the very air—for Richard is so young.*



Photographed by
Melbourne Spurr

MARY PICKFORD

*Drink deep, for here is thy cup of joy; how sad
'twould have been, had Mary been a boy.*

Silverscreen

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No. 2

A RISING STAR

HAS the sudden realization ever come to you, when you are in the midst of a picture featuring your old favorite, that she—or he—seems somehow not quite so lovely, so fresh, as has been your wont to imagine? That there is a line here and a line there in the face that had hitherto been unblemished? And then has the question ever come to you: "I wonder why we don't ever see new faces? Can it be that all the beauty was confined to the last generation?"

That is why I welcomed the opportunity to chat with Richard Dix, who has been in pictures for less than a year, who is extremely young still but for all that a man, and who was signed by Goldwyn not long ago to play as leading man. He is handsome enough to be a matinee idol, clever enough in his acting to prevent his ever becoming the victim of his good appearance, and sensible enough to retain a level head in the face of his startling success—success achieved when many others are failing.

He is tall, a full six feet, but he is solidly enough built to counteract any great impression of height. He is dark, a little fuller of face than one might judge from his pictures, with brown eyes and hair and his smile is impetuous, frequent. A little over a year ago he had had no thought, had entertained no desire of entering pictures.

"I was full of that bunk about 'art for art's sake,'" he explained over the luncheon table in the Goldwyn restaurant. "I could not sacrifice myself for lust of gold, et cetera, et cetera. The stage was my god!" He laughed heartily, a wide, young laugh. He is like that in personality. Spacious, all-embracing, likeable, lovable.

"Well, anyway," he said, settling down to his narrative while we waited for our orders, "I couldn't see the movies a-tall, a-tall. But I happened to come upon David Butler, an old pal. His dad, Fred Butler, who is directing him, used to be my old stage director at the Morosco Theatre here in Los Angeles. I hadn't seen him for years, y'see, so I went down to see him at Inceville-by-the-Sea near Santa Monica.

"I walked up to the girl in the outer office and asked to see Mr. Butler. She looked at me very frostily and demanded to know whether I had an appointment. I didn't have, but in spite of that managed to get in my



RICHARD DIX

name. When Dave came out the first thing he said was 'Have you had a screen test?' I told him I hadn't, that I hadn't even thought of one. He urged me to get into pictures and finally under his dad's direction and his coaching—he made me up, and told me how to tone down my acting—I tried it." He paused to grin over the remembrance, then went on. "The result? Well, it wasn't so bad and it wasn't so good. It was sort of spotty. All right here and terrible there. But Dave and I got together in the cutting room and sliced out all the bad parts. The consequence was that when I left the studio I carried with me a very creditable screen test!"

Having gone to those lengths he felt that he must see it through. He heard that Syd Franklin was testing out men for the leading role in his production "Not Guilty" and went out to see him. When they demanded whether he had a test he drew out the expurgated one he had made with Dave. It was wonderful, of course. Against a field of sixty applicants he got the part. Rapidly following came the leading male role in "Dangerous Curve Ahead!", the Rupert Hughes comedy, produced by Goldwyn, and then "All's Fair in Love." It was his work in these two productions that convinced the Goldwyn authorities they wanted him. After that he was cast in "The Glorious Fool," "The Sin Flood," "The Poverty of Riches" and "Yellow Men and Gold." In the first two and "Yellow Men and Gold" playing opposite Helene Chadwick.

Richard lives with his sister and mother in Los Angeles. They have been the greatest argument for the screen. Now he may be with them always—he has built a beautiful home for them—where before he was forced to travel about the country.

I left him, happier for a pleasant luncheon and the feeling that perhaps, after all, there is a coming generation of players who will qualify to fill the places of those who are growing out of their popularity. I venture to say that Richard Dix will be in the vanguard.

Dix is co-starred with Helene Chadwick in Gouverneur Morris' new melodramatic sensation "Yellow Men and Gold," which opens at the California Theatre next Sunday.

SATAN'S APOSTLES

By HEYWOOD BRUNE

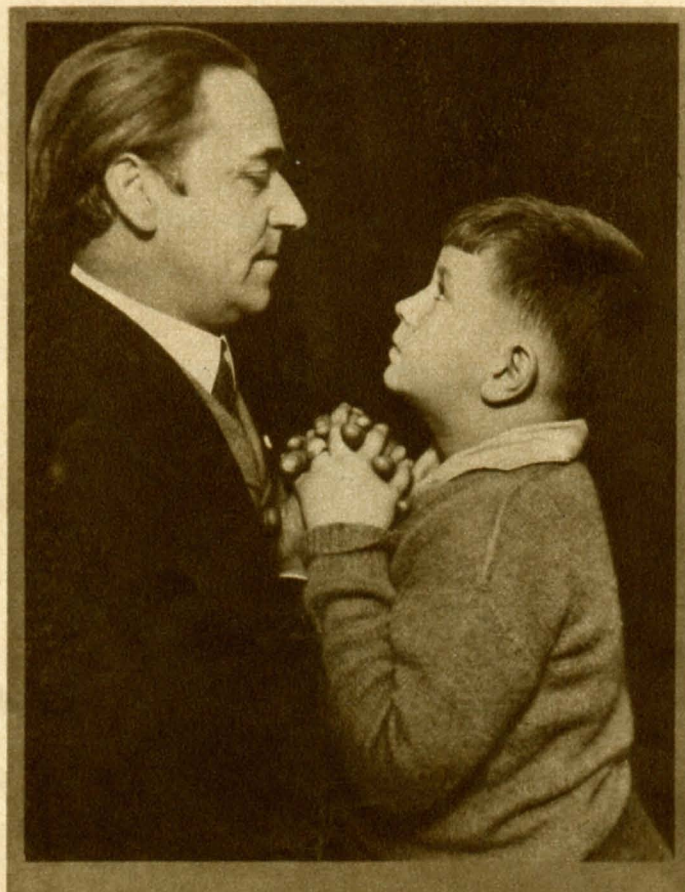
THERE couldn't be a flood without water.

There couldn't be a desert without sand.

They're not making pictures without villains. The cry seems to be "More and Better Villains." Noah and Wallace Beery, arch-villains of the screen have answered the call.

We have had a full season of heroes. The star or leading lady always sheds a few tears over the hero. You can't blame 'em. As my newsboy friend at the corner says—"They ain't seen nothing yet." There is going to be a regular flood of tears for the lady stars, that will make the Johnstown flood look like a spring shower, that is—if Noah Beery's small son has his way. He confided to me yesterday, that a prominent producer is going to give his father a chance. No more will the villain do a two reeler in a seven reel feature. He's going to live to the end of the picture. Pity the hero!

Villains are interesting, where heroes are necessary fillers for the plot. Theater-goers have read volumes about the home life of the hero, that usually can be filed on the fiction shelf. It is difficult for the public to accept the villain as the actor. They have enough of him on the screen, and don't want to hear what he does 'off-



NOAH BEERY AND HIS YOUNG SON

stage.' Again the villain is much more the interesting.

In "Wild Honey," which played at the Superba Theatre, Noah Beery was cast, as the millionaire, who demanded everything, and in return gave only loud, nervous music themes to the orchestra leader.

Let's run up to his home and see how he lives?

Shades of all that is connected with eternal fire!

There he is!

What—not beating his wife, nor torturing his son?

What is he doing—simply this—helping a pet bantam hen, hatch four small eggs. At his side is his greatest press agent, Mrs. Noah Beery, and his most earnest fan, Noah Beery, Jr.

They are a wonderful trio—useful citizens.

Last year Noah Beery worked 64 weeks out of the 52, and the year before 72 weeks. He is often on two or three pay-rolls at the same time. Our heroes can't stand this pressure. They must have their time 'between salaries' for rest—Ah! the camera catches lines quickly.

The Beerys have an acre of ground in the Hollywood hills, and one of the show-places of Southern California. 'Off-stage' our villains are our heroes.

DURING the filming of Gouverneur Morris' romantic melodrama "Yellow Men and Gold" at the Goldwyn studios, it was necessary to engage a sharpshooter. The gunman said he wanted \$15 a day. Then it was explained to him that he was to sprinkle the water on which Richard Dix was boating with bullets. It was necessary that the missiles strike within a few feet of the actor.

"Well, if I'm going to take that chance, I'll have to have \$25 a day," said the sharpshooter.

Dix was under the impression that he was taking the big risk. Anyway the sharpshooter managed to miss Dix and the picture will have its first western showing at the California Theatre.

FROM a fragile, black-eyed Spanish beauty to a dashing, fearless girl of the Northwest is the metamorphosis Virginia Fox, Buster Keaton's dainty leading lady, is undergoing daily. For she is keeping the speed cops busy between breathless dashes from the Fox Studio, where she is appearing with Lupino Lane in a Spanish romance, to Buster Keaton's with whom she is working on a story of the Northwest. In spite of the quick changes, lunchless days and mad dashes she is enjoying this unique experience of portraying two characters of such a diverse appeal.

STUART PATON has been selected to direct Herbert Rawlinson in "The Black Bag," a famous novel of mystery and adventure by Louis Joseph Vance.

A THRILLER *for the* CALIFORNIA

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

AS thrilling a tale of love and adventure as has ever been put on celluloid is promised in the new Gouverneur Morris-Goldwyn combination "Yellow Men and Gold," which is to have its western premier at the California Theatre.

Here is a vigorous and extraordinary story written by one of our best known writers of melodrama and it unfolds a romantic tale of pirates, the search for lost treasure and the love affairs of several people in a manner to keep every spectator balanced on the edge of his or her seat from the opening title to the wholly unlooked for climax.

It was produced under the personal direction of Irvin Willat, one of the most famous producers of tales of adventure on the high seas and the man who made that other thrilling sea



Scenes from "Yellow Men and Gold."

Tucker, Fred Kohler, Henry T. Herbert, William Moran, Goro Kino, George King, William A. Carroll and R. T. Frazier.



story "Behind the Door," which enjoyed a remarkable run in this city.

Richard Dix, popular young screen leading man and formerly a favorite here with one of the big stock companies, is co-featured with pretty Helene Chadwick. These two young players are rapidly gaining a world of

friends by their clever work together and "Yellow Men and Gold" furnish them with their best opportunity to display all of their histrionic talents.

Besides these two Goldwyn stars the cast includes many other prominent players, including Henry Barrows, Rosemary Theby, Richard

LACONIC critics have a mark to shoot at in the comment which a small boy made the other night when "Yellow Men and Gold," Gouverneur Morris' latest Goldwyn photoplay, was shown in preview at a small local theatre. "Yellow Men and Gold" is a fascinating melodrama, which keeps the spectators on the edge of their seats. At the end of the picture a boy, who had been much impressed, shouted so that he could be heard all over the house, "Hot Dog!" The youngster was entirely unmindful of the fact that all the up-to-the-minute wise crackers are saying "Hot diggedy-dog," but that's another story. "Yellow Men and Gold" is to have a pre-release showing at the California.

GEORGE MELFORD'S next release will be an adaptation of the sensational story "The Cat That Walked Alone," by John Colton. Dorothy Dalton is featured.

Editorial

WILL HAYS?

THE motion picture industry passed out of its swaddling clothes by its acquisition of the service of Will Hays for a period of the next three years.

Mr. Hays, the youthful president maker, and head of the greatest distributing business in the world, Uncle Sam's mails, brings to the business a capacity for organization that augurs well for the future. His salary will be the tidy sum of \$150,000 per annum and while the enemies and self-appointed critics of the industry will make capital of this fact, political and otherwise, by comparison with the salaries of other capable men, it is safe to say that every cent will be earned in this job of coordinating the interests now so widely at variance in a business whose gross turnover per annum is a billion dollars and constitutes the fourth industry in size in the country.

Speculation is rife as to how Mr. Hays will function in his new office; in short, what he will do to improve present deplorable conditions that offer so many opportunities for prejudiced and unfounded attacks on both the people and the products of the industry and how he will do it.

The facts of the situation are that the leading producers and other principals of the business who, in the words of one of them, "have been working at cross purposes and cutting each other's throats for years" have come together in a friendly arrangement and set up a form of organization similar to that employed by nearly every large industry in existence; namely, a national association which will function like a Chamber of Commerce or National Bankers' Association. On the larger aspects of the business which effect the weal or woe of all its members, this body with Will Hays as its presiding head will be the court of last resort.

May he find strength to combat and overcome the influence both within and without the industry which today makes possible the full realization of the potentialities of the films as a source of clean amusement and a means of popular education.

Motion pictures are now wearing their first pair of long pants; in the near future, with the able help of

Will Hays, we will not know this infant prodigy in the full maturity of its strength and accomplishment.

LEGAL censorship is already affecting motion pictures in a way that is handicapping the production of good films. Producers throughout the country are buying stories of the most insipid type solely because the cost of screening a comedy or drama even in a most modest way, means the expenditure of many thousands of dollars. With money more than difficult to obtain, no company is able to risk any appreciable sum on pictures which may be utterly ruined by a board of censors whose knowledge is wholly alien to the screen and whose rulings are actuated at times by excessive and almost unbelievable prudery and love of notoriety.

Many standard works have been changed almost beyond recognition simply because producers have feared the result of the censorial imagination and have therefore refrained from presenting scenes vitally necessary to the shadowing of a picture true to life.

It is certain that censorship of this type cannot in any way be conducive to the production of really worthwhile entertainment.

Only by portraying life as it is can the screen hope to progress. If that right is denied the screen cannot survive the mediocrity, banality and artificiality that assails it.

For purposes of self-preservation, the producer is bound to protect himself against loss. Therefore, the public will be the loser. Your favorite theatre will show more and more meaningless stories and your favorite story will come to the silversheet absolutely devoid of the interest it formerly held for you. You can read that same story in print—you can see it on the speaking stage but you can't spend twenty-five cents at your neighborhood house and see it on the screen.

CAN YOU TIE THIS?

MANAGERS and employees at the local Universal Film Exchange are exulting over the good fortune which has come to them in the guise of the following telegram from Carl Laemmle, who is the keen-visioned head of their nation-wide organization.

Universal City, March 7, 1922.
Universal Film Exchanges, Inc.,
Los Angeles, California.

Ten years ago this coming May, Universal began its wonderful career. It is with the deepest pride I point to our position in the industry today, and in order to show a full measure of appreciation to the loyal members of the great Universal family who contributed so materially toward the success of the company, I am turning the exchanges bodily over to the managers and their staffs for the entire months of April and May, as per my letter March 1st, the more business you do the more money you make. I believe this offer is unprecedented in the annals of the industry and I hope you will take full advantage of it and make some real money. Good luck to you all and kind personal regards.

CARL LAEMMLE.

This is an act on the part of Mr. Laemmle which in this age of ubiquitous commercial covetousness has especial significance to those who believe in the establishment of the most friendly working basis between the company and the individuals whose efforts make its accomplishments possible. Universal will not lose in this exchange.

"WE'LL be our own censors" was the slogan adopted by Broadway theatrical managers, players, and writers, following a meeting held by representatives of organizations having connection with theatrical life. Recent attempts to establish the political office of censors brought the action for better plays without censors.

SPECTATORS at motion picture shows, according to a clever coinage of words, are no longer "audiences" but "optiences." The derivation of the word is self-evident, it being a combination of "optic" and audience, auditors of course relating to those who hear rather than see. From the reception it has received at the hands of the Press and the public, which is always quick to appropriate a new and unique word, optience should soon become the correct and effete way of describing all gatherings of people to see screen presentations.

WILLIAM A. BRADY is said to have refused an offer of \$200,000 for the picture rights to the "Man Who Came Back." Very likely Mr. Brady expects the man to come back—with more cash.

NOW that all of the special correspondents of the Eastern Chambermaid dailies have removed their smoked glasses, packed their toothbrushes, cooled off their over-heated Coronas, and hopped the freight for the chemically pure regions of Yakamore, Oshkosh and other points East, Hollywood many again breath unpolluted air, while she basks in the iniquitous saturnalia of sunny days, balmy, Spring breezes, and the gay riot of fields and valleys in bloom.

HENRY FORD has gone into the automobile business. Late dispatches announce his purchase of the company which manufactures the Lincoln car.

MARIE PREVOST

"The DANGEROUS LITTLE DEMON" at the "SUPERBA"

THERE aren't many hands where a queen is more attractive than four aces. Marie Prevost is the queen, and attracts about four of the best looking aces in the silent drama: Robert Ellis, Jack Perrin, Anderson Smith and Herbert Prior. The production, just released by Universal, is titled "The Dangerous Little Demon," and comes to the Superba theatre Sunday, April 2.

In daring tights with fringe of black lace and something around the center that wasn't quite a skirt, the bold dancer whirled to a mad rhythm down the ball room floor, past admiring eyes of hundreds of society favorites. A black mask hid her face, that everyone thought must be as pretty as her beautiful limbs.

As she passed George Harmon, middle aged multi-millionaire, and Gary McVeigh, who played big "Brother" to Harmon's daughter, their eyes lighted with



Marie Prevost couldn't be a "Dangerous Little Demon" always.

greedy interest, and they drank in the exquisite perfume of her presence. Some creature!

Suddenly the mask fell and her face was revealed!

Harmon's own daughter—the dangerous little demon!

In speechless fatherly indignation, Harmon nearly 'passed out.' McVeigh was glad to excuse himself, and departed for the punch bowl. All the social proper, laughed behind fans, or wives.

Grabbing a cloak and dashing out into the spotlight, 'father' quickly covered up the shocking beauty of his only daughter. He led her off the floor, to the side of serious young Kenneth Graham, his secretary.

"The Dangerous Little Demon" jerked loose and faced her father, then looked at Graham.

"Father, I am through with crazy things," she said. "I'm going to marry Kenneth. He's serious!"

McVeigh was just near enough to hear this, and it's the pivotal scene, in Miss Prevost's newest picture.

The story is by Mildred Considine and the filming was directed by Clarence Badger. Supporting Miss Prevost are such well known talent as Robert Ellis, Anderson Smith and Lydia Knott.

"UNDER TWO FLAGS," Ouida's best known romantic novel, has been purchased as a forthcoming starring vehicle for Priscilla Dean. Miss Dean will enact the role of "Cigarette," made famous by Blanche Bates on the legitimate stage more than two decades ago.

HARRY MYERS, player of the title role in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," has been engaged to star in "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." Nobel Johnson, Josef Swickard (of "Four Horsemen" fame), Gertrude Claire and Gertrude Olmstead will appear in the cast. Robert F. Hill will direct the continued feature.

MARIE PREVOST, popular comedy-drama star of Universal, has returned from her recent trip to New York with numerous trunks chuck full of brand new clothes and all sorts of fancy frippery. Long full skirts and tight fitting bodice waist effect are noticeable in her new wardrobe.



MARIE PREVOST

Delightful, demure, decollete in "The Dangerous Little Demon."



Just a scent of lavender and old lace with lovely Norma Talmadge in the bridal gown of yesteryear.

**BRIDAL VEILS AND
ORANGE BLOSSOMS OF
GRANDMOTHER'S DAY
AND OURS.**



And then on our right, we have Norma, lovely as ever, yet, oh so modern. She is twice a bride in "Smilin' Through."



**THE
MOUNTAIN
BROOK**
©Art Study
By
Edwin Bower Hesser.

CLAIRE WINDSOR



^ FROM LIFE
RUSSELL
REDELL
1 9 2 2

I

HER EYES

Her eyes—
Luminous blue
Of Cyprian Seas;
Heavy-lidded,
Dwelling in dreams
Beyond the rim of day,
From which arise
Languorously,
Like honey dripping softly,
Scented dreams of ancient cities
Long dust—
Peacock pageantries
Of forgotten kings:
Jade and gems and gilded barges,
Facades of nacre
Against the tropic skies;
And the muted ecstasy
Of gardens gay
Beneath the sun.

II

HER HAIR

Her hair—
Shimmering amber,
Pallid gold,
Carven
And fluted
By winds
From fields
Of smouldering poppies;
Her hair—
Golden gossamer,
Saffron-light,
Unfolding,
Revealing,
Like an exotic flower
In waves
And undulations
Of warm fragrance.

CLAIRE WINDSOR

By
SCOTT
O'DELL

III

HER LIPS

Her lips—
Pomegranates,
Opulently curved,
Flamboyant
Orient fruit,
Rich-red
And
Scarlet-stained;
Honey-laden chalices
Exquisitely carved,
Inaccessible
And
Remote
As the porcelain peaks
Of Bech-Parma.

IV

HER HANDS

Her hands—
Pale
And delicately veined
Wind-flowers,
Shadowy and incandescent
In the twilight;
Beautiful hands
Made of marble,
Lovely hands
Made of marble
And roses;
The lustrous pallor
Of ivory,
Lightly, softly,
Gliding languidly
Over satin.
Silence.

The SHAME of SLEEPY HOLLYWOOD

By ROB WAGNER

Illustrations by RUSSELL IREDELL

WE are the only people in the world who estimate beauty in terms of cost. Imagine, if you can, a French guidebook referring to Notre Dame as "our \$10,000,000 cathedral," and the Mona Lisa as "the most heavily insured picture extant." Yet, scattered all over this land of boost and plenty, we have our "\$5,000,000 state houses," "million dollar theatres," "hundred thousand dollar libraries" and "\$50,000 orchestras." Money is our measure of success, material or artistic.

It is easy, therefore, to understand how the bell-ringers of the movies should have seized upon these fiscal superlatives to exploit their wares. It was the one measure everybody was sure to understand. And so for years our peppy Barnums have been regaling the villagers with tales of Hortense Hoppe-Head's \$25,000 Pekinese pups, the \$50,000 Sable coat of Gloria Gorgeous and Harold Handsome's Salary that, if placed end to end, would reach from here to Helengone.

Unfortunately, however, these stories have had unlooked for effects. If you had read every day for six years that plumbers were earning five-thousand-dollar-a-week salaries, you would soon begin to hate plumbers, howsoever beautiful they might be. This would be especially true if you thought their plumbing was inadequate. Every day I meet charming, but indignant, people who say, "I have just read that this little blonde pinhead, Edythe Excellent, is paid \$5,000 a week. Well, I hope the poor fish chokes, and I hope I get my hope." And so because of our extravagant boasting a righteous jealousy was born.

Then, again, if you had been fed up on stories of how our expensive pets dined on gold fish and bees' knees and shampooed their curly locks in

sparkling Moselle and green Chartreuse, it would be easy to believe that they would go the limit of sensual indulgence in hooch and hop.

It has taken an unhappy tragedy to one of our directors to reveal just these states of mind; and nobody has been more shocked by the results of our silly publicity than the motion picture people themselves. Eastern newspapers now drifting back to California are painting pictures of a "movie colony" that surpass anything our wildest directors ever put on the screen to show decadence and crime.

This "colony," it seems, lies somewhere in the foothills of Southern California, far from the restraining contact with ordinary civilization and immune from the social standards of Iowa and Illinois. Here, within its sacred enclosure, the film folk live in a gorgeous splendor that would have made the Babylonians seem like unimaginative pikers, their isolation permitting them to enjoy a code of morals that only a regiment of morons could cherish.

This modern Gomorrah is known

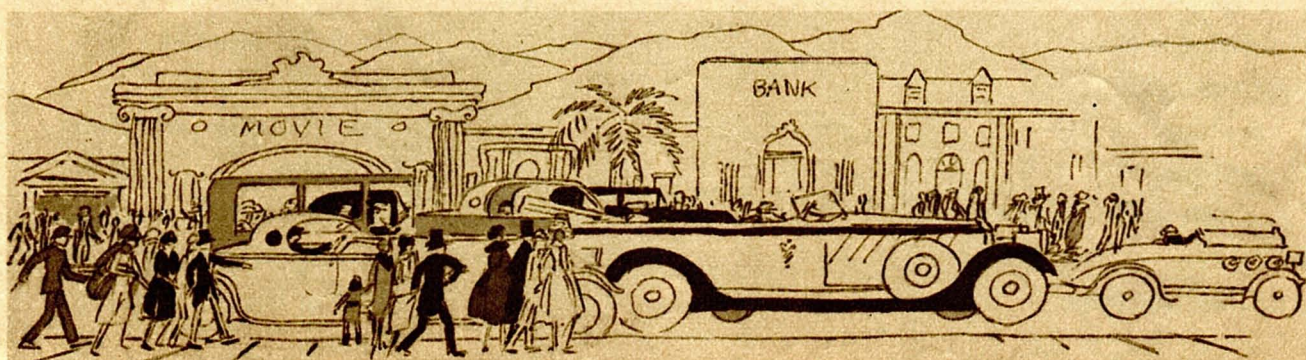
This exciting exodus is not a Movie set, or a fire, or a "hop" carnival, but Hollywood Boulevard on Sunday morning with all the "horrid Motion Picture people" on their way to Hollywood's ten different churches. Yes, that is Diana Darling and her mother in the big Rolls-Ruff, and your favorite actor just ahead of them on the way to the church where he is usher.

the world over as Hollywood, and, according to popular imagination, its streets are lined with dance-halls, cabarets, magnificent gambling joints and opium dens, the denizens of the film colony working but one or two temperamental hours a day, devoting the other twenty-three to delicious sin. Movie queens, in inlaid limousines, roll through the golden avenues to meet wicked directors intent upon their happy ruin, bathing parties nightly plunge into tanks of eau-de-cologne, while beautiful "Snow Birds" attend cocaine parties at which the Japanese servants administer drugs from silver needles; while every morning the police, seizing the blonde curls of your beautiful film favorite, drag her from some subterranean hop-joint. Thus we see what great wealth and prohibition have done to a colony of erstwhile "chambermaids and switchboard girls" from the innocent Middle West. One eastern paper goes so far as to say that "the needlehounds of Hollywood order their drugs over the telephone like groceries."

It seems too bad to spoil this vivacious picture of dear old Hollywood; but, after all, maybe the truth will be quite as interesting. And so, as my heroin seems, for the moment, to have lost its efficacy, permit me during this lucid interim to paint Hollywood as it really is.

In the first place, the district of Hollywood is not a detached "colony," but an integral part of a great city of half-a-million souls, mostly undrugged. And this city, largely populated by Iowans and Kansans, with the austere morality of the prairie, would hardly tolerate a modern Sodom right "in its midst!" Hollywood is as much a part of Los Angeles as Harlem is of New York,

(Continued on Page 29)



"TEN NIGHTS"

A STORY *with an* INTERNATIONAL HISTORY
At the ALHAMBRA

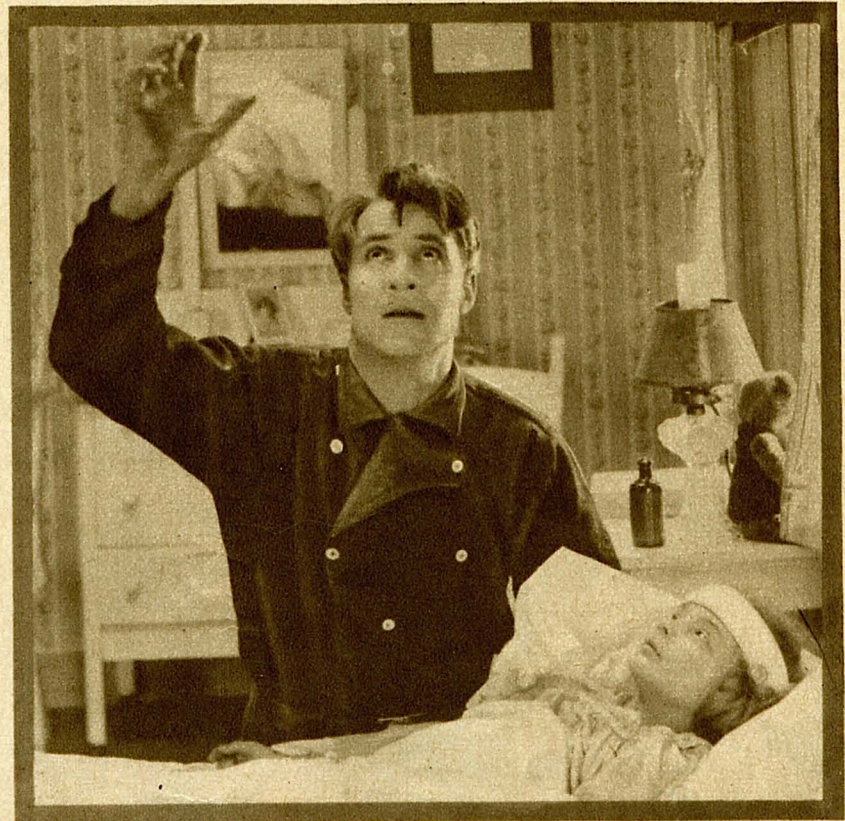
"TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM," which is the scheduled cinema attraction at the Alhambra Theatre, beginning Saturday, April 1st, is a story of international history.

Most people are familiar with either the play or book, but are not aware of the fact that it was originally produced in pamphlet form in Lancashire, England, over sixty years ago. The author was one Edwin Waugh. The booklet was very small and printed on a bright yellow paper. It was a special paper made for "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and used only for the printing of this story, which made an instantaneous hit abroad and soon picked up by an American novelist, T. Arthur, who made a complete novel from this inspired pamphlet.

The popular demand for action pictures having a wide appeal eventually led to the inevitable production of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," on a scale commensurate with the vastness of the theme and the enormous value of the title in this present day age. In screen form, it is unfolded as the simple story of simple folks caught in the whirl of events beyond their control and carried along in spite of themselves to a tremendous climax that is gripping in its intensity and sincerity. It is not a preaching or a sermon, but a photoplay that deals with human nature at its worst and at its best, with a great deal of pathos, tragedy and action interpolated. It is a picture that every man, woman and child in the city of Los Angeles should see—and its showing at the Alhambra Theatre is sure to evoke unusual interest from all classes of theatregoers.

MITCHELL LEWIS has been engaged by B. P. Schulberg for a leading role in Katherine MacDonald's forthcoming First National attraction, "The Woman Conquers." The addition of Mr. Lewis to Miss MacDonald's Company completes an all-star cast in which June Elvidge and Bryant Washburn also are featured in support of Miss MacDonald.

Mitchell Lewis is noted for his portrayal of "he-ha" roles. He became famous for his work in "Burning Daylight," "A Daughter of the



Snows," "Smoke Bellow," "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," "The Code of the Yukon" and "Children of Banishment." He is 6 feet 1 in height and weighs 195 pounds.

It was Mr. Lewis' early ambition to follow a naval career. Born in Syracuse and educated at Syracuse University, Lewis later went to the Naval Academy and for six years was in the U. S. Navy.

A stage career, however, appealed to him and when William Faversham offered him a role he accepted it. For Three years Lewis was with the Faversham Company and did notable work in "The Squaw Man."

His screen career began with a prominent role in "A Chinese Honeymoon." Then he appeared in "Everywoman," with Nazimova in "Cepion Shoals" and also in the first Metro pictures of Harold Lockwood and Viola Dana. After his appearance in Rex Beach's "The Barrier" photoplay producers eagerly sought his services for dramas of the virile type.

COMPLETE STEWART FILM

ANITA STEWART'S latest picture for Louis B. Mayer, "Rose o' the Sea," has been completed under Fred Niblo's direction. This is the latter's second consecutive picture with the star, the other being a dramatization of Herbert Bashford's play, "The Woman He Married." Countess Barcynka is the author of "Rose o' the Sea," which has had wide circulation in book form. Both of these productions will be released through First National.

Supporting Miss Stewart in the cast are: Rudolph Cameron, her husband and manager, who was literally drafted for the leading role, Hal Cooley, Thomas Holding, Margaret Landis, Kate Lester, John P. Lockney and Charles Belcher.

HARRY CAREY is no longer fanning a sixshooter and crowding the atmosphere with lead-out Universal way—he's spending his time hiking cows over his seventeen thousand acre ranch near Saugus.

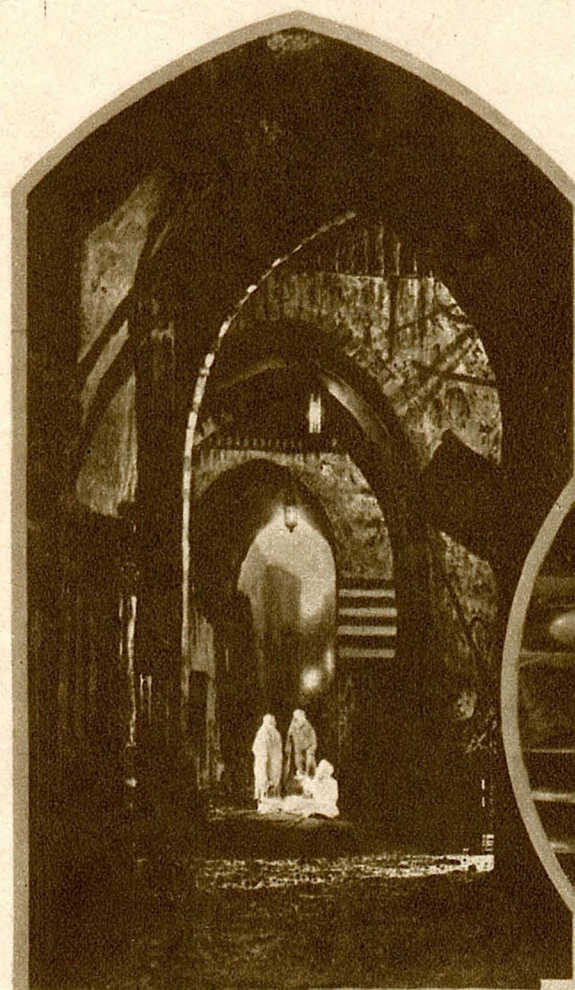
RUBAIYAT of OMAR KHAYYAM

As TRANSLATED to the SCREEN

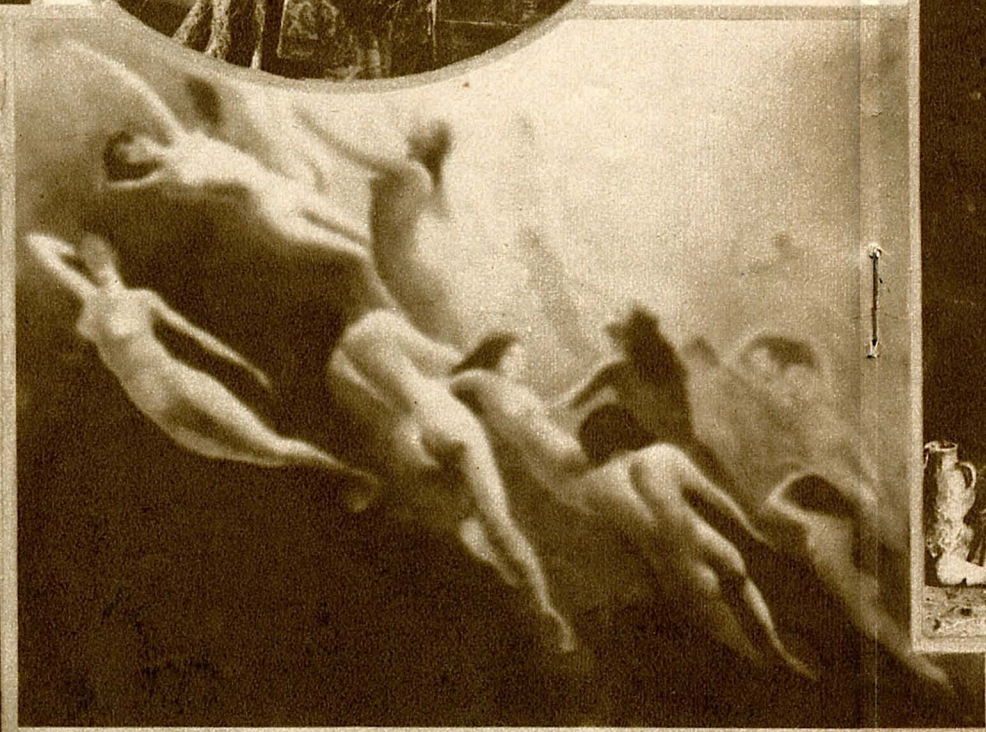
By FERDINAND EARLE

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go."

"Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!"



"Wake! for the Sun who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n,
and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light."



"Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside
And naked on the air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a shame—wer't not a shame for him
On this Clay carcase crippled to abide."

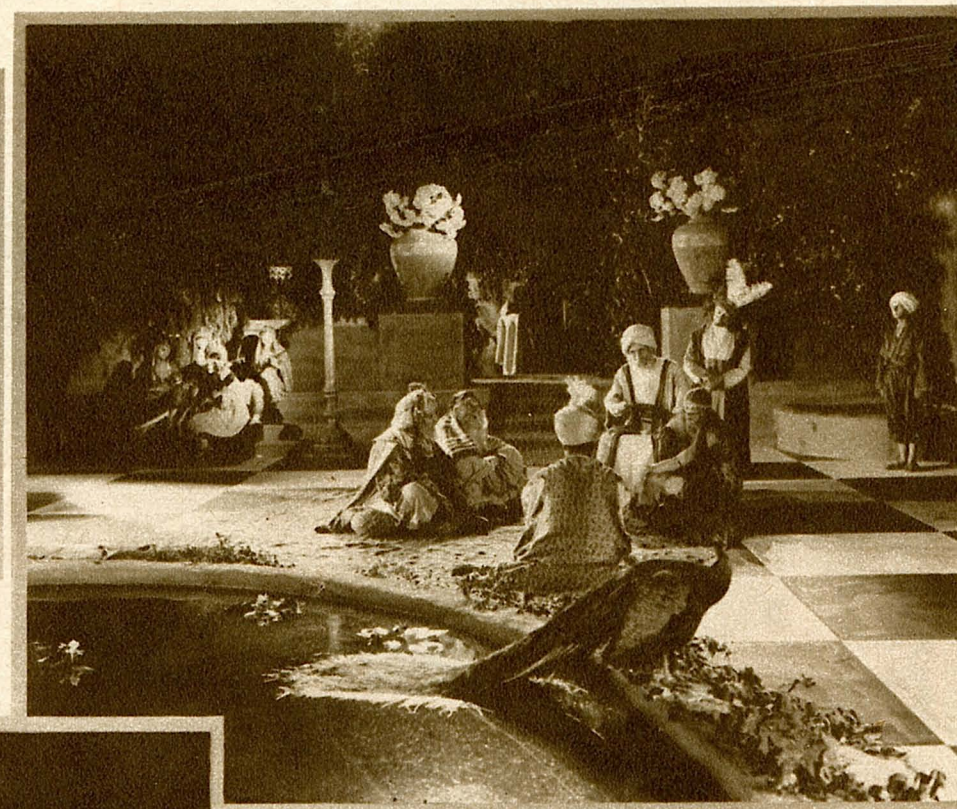


"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow."



"... the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through."

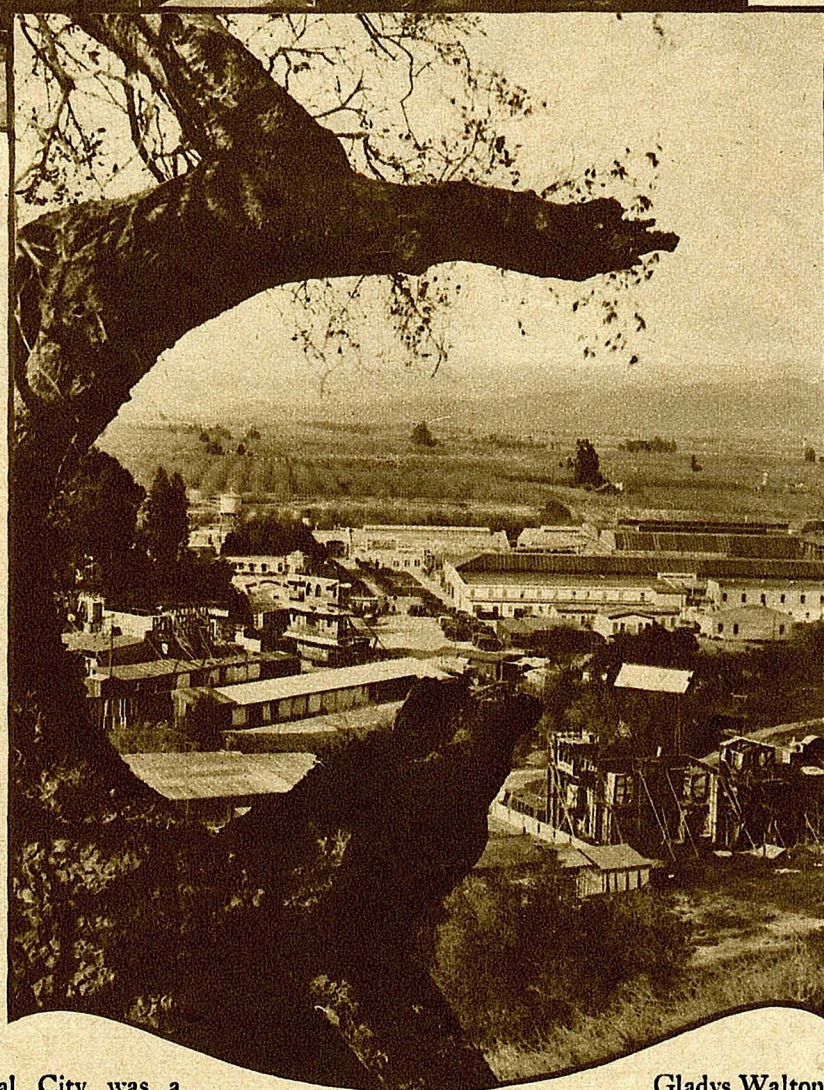
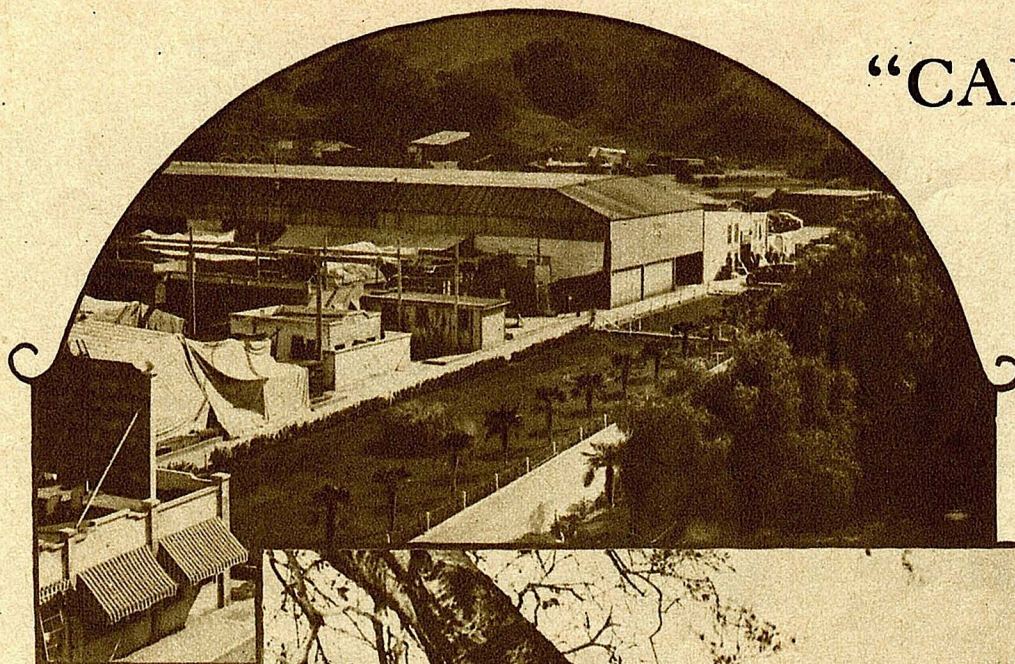
"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!"



"For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet clay."



“CAMERA!”



IN 1911 Universal City was a dream in the creative mind of Carl Laemmle. Today it is the greatest motion picture producing organization in the industry. On 550 acres, just a short distance from Hollywood, Universal produces fifty-two

special attractions, numerable super-features, and scores of short reel entertainment and educational productions. Priscilla Dean, Marie Prevost,

Gladys Walton, Miss du Pont, Harry Carey, Herbert Rawlinson, Edward (Hoot) Gibson, Frank Mayo, and Erich von Stroheim, are starred by Universal in feature productions. The Superba theatre screens all of Universal's features.



BUSTER KEATON
"The Frozen Face Comedian"

Fashions Fads & Fancies



Peggy Hamilton
"

William A. Steffen has the flair for designing hats with flowers and Peek-A-Boo brims which hint so fragrantly of the days to follow Easter and the early summer, when shopping is such a bore,—when one can only dream of strolling by the water's edge or donning chiffons for the afternoon tea and dinner dance, where hats are worn with flowers and wheat drooping to the waist and buttercups dangling here and there, as does this charming model of marvelous blues and gold and a soft rose brim lined with orchid chiffon designed by Steffen for lovely Edith Johnson.



The Western girl is noted for her originality in dress and is a recognized authority on correct sports-wear. This innovation of Peggy Hamilton's created quite a furor on Broadway recently and has met with approval as a practical costume for street, motoring or the equestrienne.



It is a four-piece knicker suit of black and white tweed lined with black Pussy Willow and trimmed with leather. The skirt is open on the sides above the knees and can be turned and worn as a divided skirt for riding or removed for motor trips when driving. The belt, cuffs and knickers are trimmed with real dog collars of leather and nickel; the plate on back of belt carries Miss Hamilton's monogram; the tuxedo vest is a very novel feature. Wool hose, grey suede and patent leather shoes completes this very stunning costume, and Peggy Hamilton reports to "Potts Gowns" (who tailored this creation) that it is a real joy in its freedom and finish.

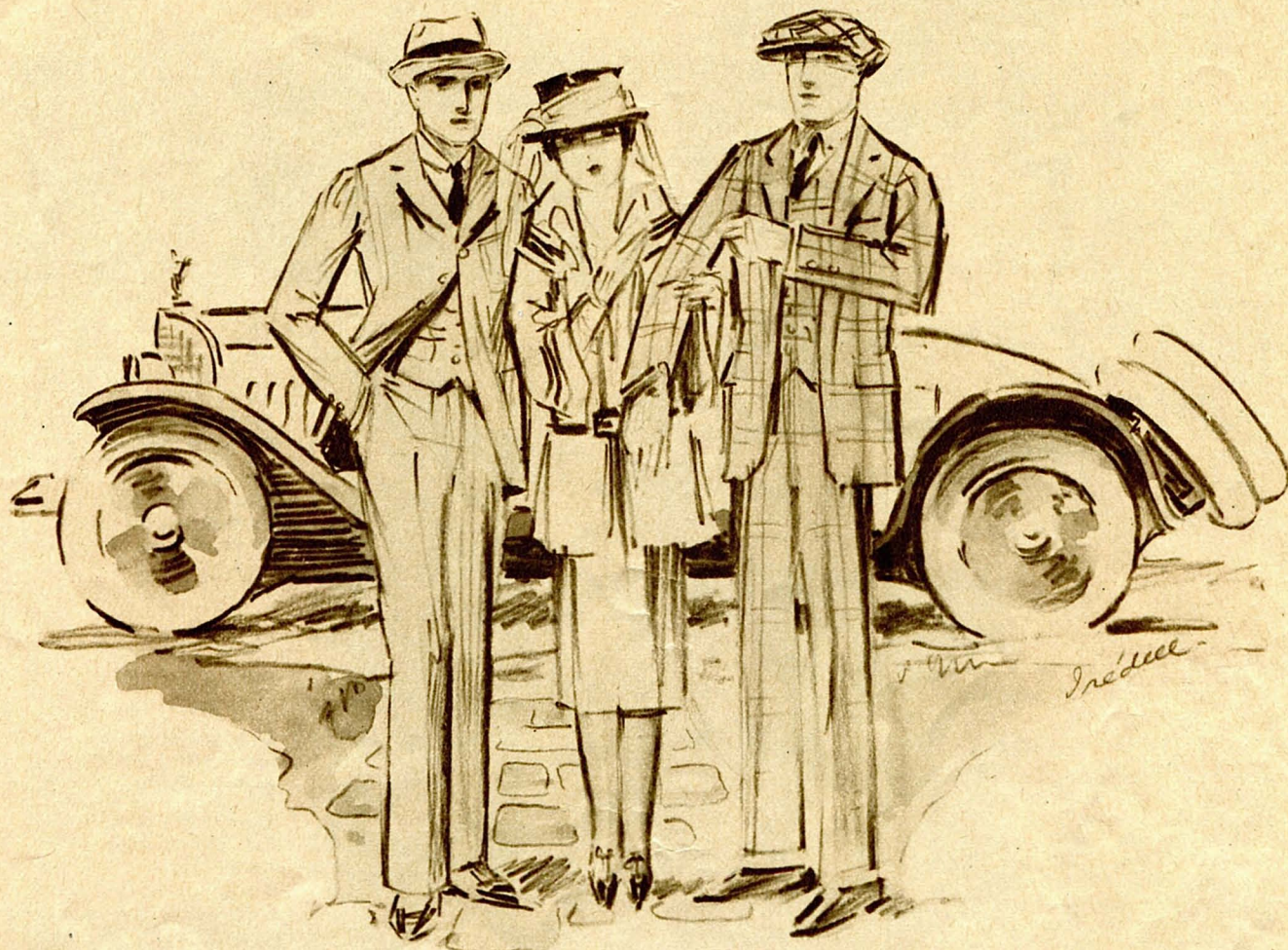


THE SHOE TREE

On scented winds of Spring-time,
This slender silver tree
Will bring to you creations
For dinner, dance, and tea.



Courtesy of Weatherby-Kayser Shoe Co.



POLLY, the irresistible little debutante, has declined an invitation to play golf, "ditched" an engagement for luncheon, and left poor old Jerry Van Bilt waiting for her at a perfectly gorgeous dansant, just to go with her two "buddies," Jack and Billy, to buy a couple of those "Brooks' Model," four button sack suits at Mullen and Bluetts. For, as she is saying while they are on their way to have a sip of orange pekoe, "There is nothing more exciting than shopping with you two old dears, because you have such good taste—and I am so glad that you wore your new suits; (they didn't need any alteration at all did they?) they have such fascinating shoulders and the way the coats button high is just like the jolly English wear. And the Dobbs' hat—well, I could marry any man that wore a hat like that."

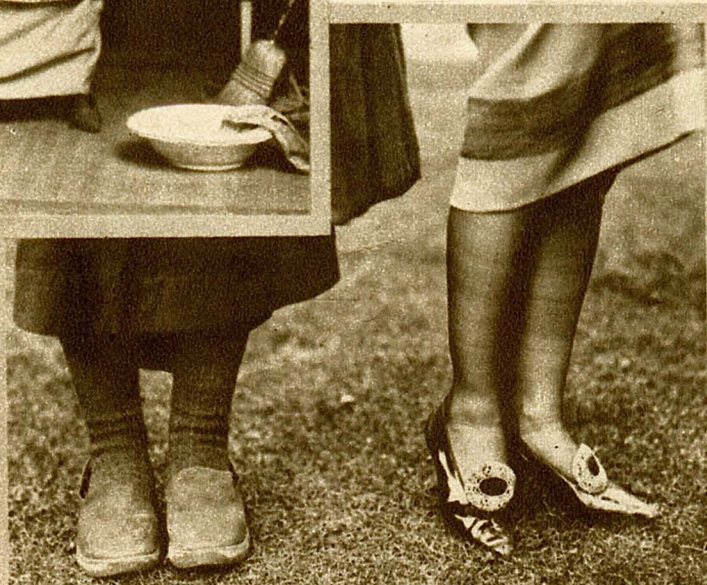


*Behind this masque macabre
With face so sweet and good,
There lurks a famous beauty
A vamp of Hollywood.
Hoover Art Studios.*



*Reading from left to
right are: Richard Wal-
ton Tully, Douglas Fair-
banks, Guy Bates Post
and James Young. Doug.
has just paid a visit to
the producers of "The
Masquerader," who
seem as pleased about it
as he does.*

*Herbert Rawlinson
will soon arrive in a
brand new crook story
written by the most
unusual author in
America, Louis Victor
Eytinge, who is serv-
ing a life term in the
Arizona penitentiary.*



*Silk stockings, or woolen
hose—patent-leather slip-
pers, or brogues—Marie
Prevost, or Priscilla
Dean. We have made
our choice, have you?*



*Another Hollywood debauch as conceived by the yel-
low journalists. There is a raisin too many in both
bottles. If they can hold the pose until they take
effect, the power behind the two deadly bullets will
furnish scandal savory enough to satisfy any blood-
thirsty reporter.
Hoover Art Studios.*

Nearing a World's Record for a Continuous Run

"THE SILENT CALL" at MILLER'S THEATER



Kathryn McGuire, heroine
of "The Silent Call," at
Miller's Theatre.

TO those who have been saying that the screen is surfeited with society stories, melodramas, and other plots which reveal only a minor aspect of our modern life, it will be welcome news to learn that a story that is so out of the ordinary and so unusual that it is establishing a new continuous run record in this city is being shown at Miller's Theatre. It is "The Silent Call" which is now in the eighth week of its engagement at that popular house. Adapted from "The Cross Pull," Hal G. Evart's popular story which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, this photoplay breathes vibrantly of the great outdoors. Never before have the mountain fastnesses of the High Sierras been translated on to the silver sheet in all their glorious magnificence as in this photoplay where they serve as the background for a tale of human and animal emotions.

"The Silent Call" has this two-fold story; the dramatic incidents in the lives of a group of humans, on the one hand, and the love story of a wonderful dog and a she wolf. These plots are connected by Strongheart, the dog, in whose heart there is the ever present combat between the primitive instincts of the wolf horde and the love for man which has been implanted in him through his dog ancestry. It is a tale of the olden golden days of the West, where every man was a law unto himself

except on those occasions where Fate intervened and moved the human Chessmen about. In "The Silent Call" Fate's agent is Strongheart the dog.

His own story—the depiction of his almost human love affair with the female wolf—is as tenderly portrayed as the emotional attraction between a boy and a girl. In fact, never before on the stage or screen, has an animal performed with such apparent freedom from direction and such a high quality of naturalness as does this world famous police dog. Again and again Strongheart feels the cross pull of his wolf ancestry, but the dog love for man finally asserts itself and he serves his human masters and it is in this service that he saves the hero from disaster on several occasions and also rescues the girl from the human fiend who pursues her throughout the story. The climax comes when he successfully wins a death battle with his human enemy in one of the most thrilling scenes ever caught by a camera.

"The Silent Call" appeals to young and old alike because it is clean, wholesome, out of the ordinary, and also because it introduces a great hearted dog in the star role.

STRONGHEART, the wonder dog and star of "The Silent Call," the record breaking feature at Miller's Theatre, is now up on location with Larry Trimble, his director. Mr. Trimble, who made "The Silent Call," was so elated with the success of that photoplay with his new star that he immediately purchased another suitable story and has begun work and hopes to make a production that will at least equal it in entertainment value.



John Bowzers and William Dyer in a scene between the hero and villain of "The Silent Call" when the burly villain endeavors to harm the dog hero, Strongheart. Miller's Theatre.

A special two reel comedy entitled "Schoolday Love" is an added feature on the program with Strongheart in "The Silent Call" which is now in its eighth week at Miller's Theatre. This delightful mixture of fun and thrills was made by William Campbell, the best known director of kids and animals and it introduces a lot of clever youngsters including Doreen Turner and Coy Watson, Jr., and also some monkeys that play ball and do many other unusual stunts.



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

PATSY RUTH MILLER

*April comes, and with it's showers, it brings
us all good cheer,
For we will have another chance, to see our
Patsy dear.*

POLLY of the FOLLIES

CONSTANCE TALMADGE'S GREATEST
SUCCESS *at the* KINEMA THEATRE



ANYTHING that is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

This is the axiom that has guided the destinies of Constance Talmadge, one of the screen's most popular actresses, whose latest cinema contribution, "Polly of the Follies," is being projected at the Kinema Theatre this week.

And never has this old adage better exemplified than in the history of John Emerson and Anita Loos, who constitute what is perhaps the most successful writing and producing combination in the motion picture history. Today, these two talented people have not only attained a national reputation for their literary ability, but have sponsored many of Constance Talmadge's most successful productions, including "Polly of the Follies."

In order to preserve realism of the story, Miss Talmadge decided to have it done in the proper atmosphere, and actually engaged the members of the Ziegfeld Beauty Chorus, then playing on Broadway to fill their own parts in the picture. The result has been a bevy of beauty and a hurricane of action. The dance and en-

semble numbers are said to be the best that have ever been seen on the silver screen.

The picture depicts the story of a country girl who breaks into a famous beauty chorus and shows the training of the chorus for the annual review and the performance of the opening night. When this stage-struck country girl hits New York—action begins. And the interesting episodes that unfold themselves from this point on, will scatter Dutch Cleanser and remove all gloom globules with a clean sweep.

Constance is admirably supported by Kenneth Harlan, who is well-known, with George Fawcett, Ina Rorke, James Gleason, Horace Knight and a host of others equally prominent in other roles. "Polly of the Follies" will be given an elaborate presentation at the Kinema theatre, and it is safe to say that Los Angeles theatergoers will rally around the ever-increasing army of Connie admirers with this offering.

CHARLES RAY is back again in Los Angeles after a long tour through the Eastern states during which he met mayors and governors

galore and also visited ex-Presidents Wilson and Taft and was invited by President Harding to the White House. Now that he is back home again Charlie is making plans for the future. Just what form these will take is at present doubtful, but he's to stay with the films, despite his lingering ambition to return to the stage. He has one more picture to make on his present contract with First National and shooting is to start on this in about two weeks. After that—

"I have no announcement to make as yet," said Mr. Ray. "There is a considerable temptation to appear on the stage, I'll admit. I've received several plays, but none of these are quite suitable, and I don't think that I shall take up my stage ambitions just at present.

"When I do, I want to have a really satisfactory play. Then I'm going to try it out on the dog, not once, but several times. Maybe I shall even take it across the country, before I present it in New York. I don't want to take chances of being panned by the critics any more than is normally to be expected."

THIRTY MINUTES IN CHRISTIELAND

By MAX MASON

FROM the prosaic pavement of Sunset Boulevard to Christie-land was only a matter of a few steps, a few moments waiting at the gate, a few muttered instructions, and then we found ourselves, far from the world of motor-cars and measles, in the midst of this modern mirth factory, where, to the clash and the clatter of Kliegs and the sturdy staccato of impassioned directors, this gay world of fantastic Pierrots calimined clowns, and fair Columbines work and play that the world may laugh.

Heralded by the screaming of parakeets, who seemed to resent our intrusion, and the lilting laughter of three gorgeous blondes dressed in the brilliant costumes of Hussars, who rushed past us, leaving in their wake a languorous perfume, we made our way across expanses of open stages to where a dapper young man whom we found on inquiry to be Neal Burns, was telling the world, to the steady click of the camera, his over-powering love for an elusive actress. We appreciated his feeling and would have liked to have aided him, or, better still, have taken his place, which we later assured Mr. Christie we would do if Mr. Burns should grow fatigued and



CHARLOTTE AND BOBBIE

give up the chase, for Vera Steadman, as the elusive actress, was deliciously provocative.

And then, intruding itself upon our reverie and clipping the wings of our soaring fancy, came a deafening crescendo of gurgles and wheezes which ended abruptly in a voluminous snort. Rushing in the direction of the noise, we came suddenly upon the cause. Bobby Vernon in his best regalia was seated in a gasoline go-buggy, an apparition that was new when Hollywood was a sheep ranch, beneath a top like a hanging lamp. By his side, devoted and proud, as happy as though she were seated in a Rolls Royce, was his country bride, played by little Charlotte Stevens, a beauty contest winner from Chicago.

Coaxed back into life, the relic began again its spasmodic groans and the story

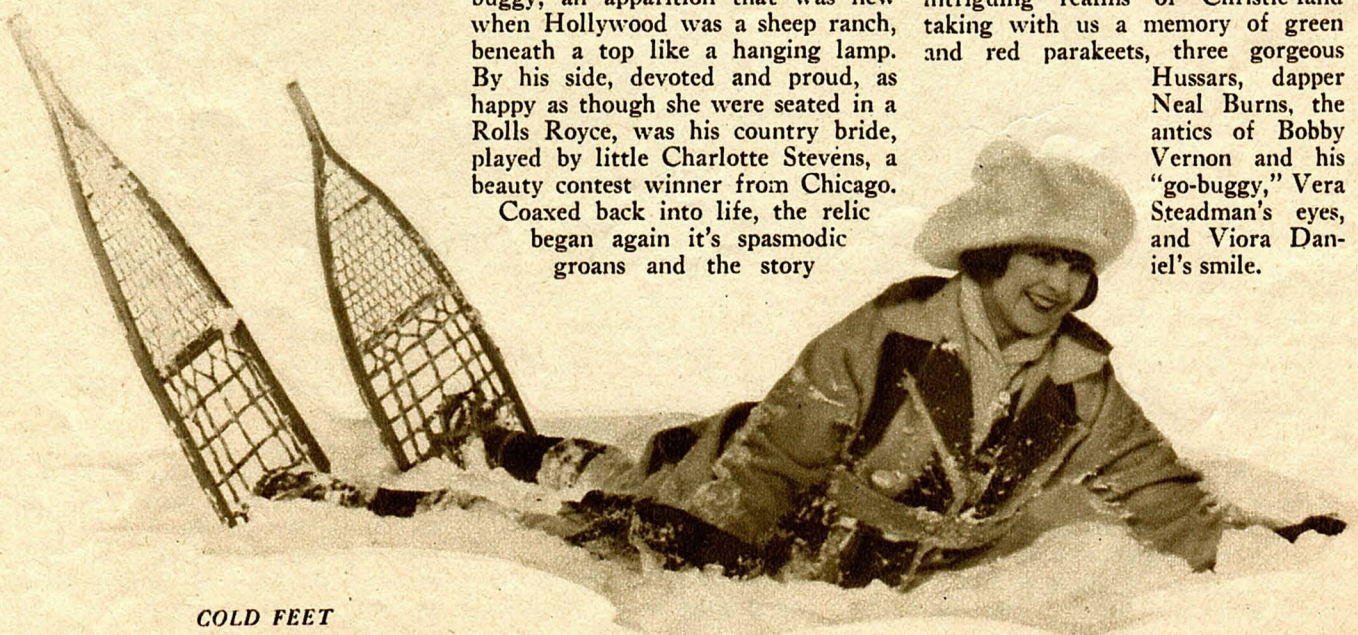
went on under deft manipulation of the director, Harry Beaudine.

Leaving the go-buggy and its smoke barrage, and the side splitting antics of Bobby Vernon, and waving goodbye to our winsome friend, Miss Steadman, we clambered in and out of dismantled sets, sets in the course of construction, past mysterious apparatus for "gags" a kaleidoscopic hodge-podge of fun-provoking equipment, small groups of actors and actresses animated and voluble; past the three blonde Hussars, flamboyant in their tight fitting jackets of flaming red and their high boots of glistening black; past the quizzical, twittering parakeets and a very dignified and maternal duck, clamorous and solicitous over two of her offsprings, into the outer office, where, pausing for a moment

at the "window" we ran into Viora Daniel. Luxurious in a tricky little creation, we hardly believed her when she told us she had just got back from what she termed a "cold feet" comedy taken in the wilds of Truckee with zero weather and three feet of honest-to-goodness snow. Being sympathetic, we shivered for her, as somehow she suggests tea-dansants, soft music, and colored lights, and warmth.

Our thirty minutes up, we left the intriguing realms of Christie-land taking with us a memory of green and red parakeets, three gorgeous

Hussars, dapper Neal Burns, the antics of Bobby Vernon and his "go-buggy," Vera Steadman's eyes, and Viora Daniel's smile.



COLD FEET

(Continued from Page 14.)
even its residents being quite unaware of its artificial boundaries.

Nor are the motion picture studios entirely confined to this district, for three of the largest are miles away in Universal City, Edendale and Culver City. The truth is that, though many of the motion picture people live in the Hollywood district, they are scattered all the way from Santa Monica to Pasadena.

SO much for the geography of Holly-

wood. And now as to its character. Well, first of all, it is what is known in Los Angeles as a "high-grade residence district" of homes, with only enough stores to attend its homely wants. It hasn't, and never has had, a public dance-hall; there is not a restaurant or cafe with music, and dancing is forbidden the guests; there is not a cabaret or a roof-garden, a hop-joint or a house of prostitution. There is but one pool room, and that upstairs; and one bowling alley, and that in a basement—for our Sodomitic ordinances forbid these evils on the ground floor! But no doubt you have read of a competing group of Babylonian hotels battering off our rich degenerates. The fact is there is just one large hotel—the old, rambling, frame "Hollywood," palm-shaded and quiet, in which ancient and honorable Eastern ladies do a stupendous amount of knitting and numberless drop stitches, and night life in Hollywood is about as exciting as Sunday in Zion City.

Ha, ha! but how about its secret sins? May it not be true that there is an underground life among these cinemaleptics of which I wot not? Possibly. And so the other day I took a fortifying sniff of snow and set out for police headquarters, there to learn from our alert guardians the real truth of Hollywood's carnival of crime.

"Capt. Horn," says I, "I am the special correspondent of the Denver Dirt-Disher, and I want the real dope on Hollywood."

"Why take any more?" he answered wittily. "You can't improve on the phantasms you've sent out already. But if you really want the truth we might go over the records."

The last five months was all we had time for, but in those five months, I



On Thursday evenings, if you have seen all the Movies, and read all the latest books, and have nothing better to do, you can go to the Hollywood Hotel for supper, where, if you are able, after having eaten, you can dance until the shocking hour of eleven-thirty to the sensuous strains of the "Blue Danube," and other Pasteurized pieces—to the click-clack of knitting needles wickedly wielded by a gallery of venerable dames, who, between stitches, cast a frigid eye upon you.

learned these police facts: There had not been one arrest for prostitution or peddling narcotics; not one complaint from any resident regarding a "wild party," and not one call to raid a single house or apartment. Arrests for felonies averaged less than three a week, and half of these were made at the request of outside communities. Of persons arrested for offenses (other than violations of the traffic ordinance), not one was employed in the motion pictures.

"And you might add," grinned the happy captain, "that there hasn't been a murder in Hollywood in ten years."

"Well, if all you say is true," I shot back, "why have you a hospital for drug addicts here?"

"Say, child," he replied, "that hospital has been here for eighteen years—ten years before there was a motion picture studio, and its patrons come from Denver, Chicago and points east."

Capt. Horn is the worst material for a bright newspaper fella I have met yet.

NO, brother—judged by carnival standards—Hollywood is duller by far than Flatbush or Ypsilanti. About all you can get after ten P.M. is a malted milk and the services of an undertaker.

But churches!—I can literally exclaim, "Holy smoke!" for the Catholic church has to hold seven masses every Sunday to attend the spiritual needs of its devotees, while the Christian Scientists of Hollywood have one of the largest congregations in America, a roll call which would read like a "Who's Who in Filmdom."

Of course, we have our share of bad eggs—even as your town. We have cow-boy actors who wear preci-

ous stones in their dentistry, and a small assortment of get-rich-quickers who do not behave prettily at times; but these few half-baked walkoffs are not peculiar to the motion picture industry. Bankers, and even plumbers, sometimes fall by the wayside.

In fact, I know of eight or ten near-film-favorites, three of whom are stars of about the fourth magnitude, whose definition of fun is to get quite drunk at dinners

and throw things about in childish abandon; but a friend of mine who attended one of their parties told me it was utterly witless and only mildly obscene. However, some day one of these alcoholic baby-dolls is going to pull something in public or shoot up her cutie at an exclusive revel, and then once again you will be fed up on news of how the whole of Hollywood is drug-soaked to the ears. Thus will 30,000 workers in the great eighth art have to pay for the lapses of less than a third of one per cent. The embarrassment we suffer for our bad eggs is that they have been perched so high that, when they fall, the disgusting aroma is noted all over the world.

BUT how about their salaries?—I hear you ask. Well, it is in this department that our publicity hounds have exaggerated the most. Charlie Chaplin's "million-dollar-yearly salary" was the sheerest bunk. He did not receive one-quarter that sum, and from this must be deducted the cost of production (and if you know anything about such things you'll know it is very high) and last, but by no means least, the income tax, which is collected with almost diabolic enthusiasm. It is true certain spectacular stars have purchased red-white-and-blue automobiles of sensational design and fabulous cost, but you would be amazed at the number of these gasoline chariots that have reverted to the original owners after the first small payment. This is especially true since the grand shaking down of a year ago. As for the other functionaries of the industry, the technical staffs, camera men, etc., they receive about the same wages as in any other industry. It is also true a few—a very few—except-

(Continued on Page 30.)

(Continued from Page 29.)

tional artists may earn fifty to a hundred thousand dollars a year, but so do they in literature, music, law and engineering.

Thus we see—if you believe me, which you probably won't if the poison has sunk too deep—that Hollywood is in almost ridiculous contrast to its popular conception.

BUT if our beautiful little town is as dull as I say it is then what do the film folk do o' night? Well, they flock to the movies, especially the previews. Many of the stars, like Doug and Mary, for instance, have projecting machines in their homes where every evening they enjoy with small groups of friends the latest releases. Then there is a one play-house, the Community Theatre, where the high-brow drama is enacted by former stage stars without compensation. One dreadful relaxation I am compelled to admit. The Wednesday night fights at the American Legion are attended by a large audience of film people of both genders, even the ladies of the research department growing quite excited when the bouts are particularly lively, but as one of our local ministers says: "The soldier boys must have their fun." But to offset these debauches, I must also mention The Pilgrimage Play, America's Oberammergau, which is shown in the Hollywood Bowl to thousands every season, and the theosophical plays of the Krotona Institute that is situated right in our midst.

BUT now for a confession, for it isn't fair to speak only of our virtues. It is perfectly true that certain landlords refuse to rent to the movie people. You see Hollywood has seventy thousand souls—counting oversouls and insoles—and most of them have come here because of its *dolce far niente* quietude, and, alas, I'm afraid we sometimes break in upon their magnolia-scented dreams. Of course, if they built their darned old bungalow courts with at least the privacy of chicken-coops it would be all right, but if I was an old codger from Keokuk who had come here to rest I wouldn't care to be squeezed in between a heavy and a custard comedian who might play the saxophone or pinochle up to ten o'clock at night.

These foolish outsiders who insist upon horning into our "colony" ought to know that actors, artists and writers act like a lot of children when they get together. Furthermore, it must be remembered the Southern Branch of the University of Califor-

nia is in Hollywood and you know how quiet 3700 students are likely to be. A flat, a duplex house or a bungalow court is no place for a nervous wreck—in Hollywood. Why, I've been to parties where an inspirational orchestra developed that played upon everything from empty milk bottles to frosted lamp shades; where we played charades, squat tag and puss-in-the-corner. They were noisy but they were fun. On last Halloween we—the Mrs. and I—gave a party which at its height included the grand old game of post-office, and when I blushing went out to get a special delivery letter from one of our prettiest movie queens you could have heard the squeaks of merriment a block away. No, we are not the quietest neighbors in the world, but the Killjoys, who never believe that laughter is produced unless alcoholic-ally propelled, quite misunderstand our exuberances. In these dour times the spirit of play ought to be kept alive—and we are doing our darndest.

Beside these little home affairs where everybody bursts into song on the slightest provocation we have beach parties up and down the coast, and barbecues in the hills, for even movie people regard their time at the studios as work and seek relaxation the same as brokers and chiropractors.

Outside of two or three big balls a year given by the directors, cinematographers and writers, our greatest social brawls are the Thursday night dances at the Hollywood Hotel, dubbed by the newspaper comedian as "Passion's Playground." Here last winter one might have seen

(Continued on Page 31.)

MUSICAL ECHOES FROM CALIFORNIA THEATRE

THE most talked-about and the most popular musical organization connected with any theatre in Los Angeles is unquestionably the Greater California Concert Orchestra of fifty musicians under the direction of Carli D. Elinor. This splendid orchestra was founded by Fred Miller of the California Theatre and it has proven to be the biggest kind of a success.

Everywhere you go where music is discussed you hear people say, "Have you heard Elinor's orchestra at the California?" Whether it is a crowd that likes the classic music, the semi-popular kind or the real honest-to-goodness jazz, the same question is asked for Mr. Elinor has his fifty musicians so trained that they respond to whatever task he puts before them with an enthusiasm and understanding that is wonderful.

And it is not alone on the three concerts which are given every day in the week that Mr. Elinor excels. He is the greatest synchronizer of music to the pho-



THE BARTER

By Scott O'Dell

SHE took the lustrous, silken gleam

That sleeps amid her Titian hair
And made from it an artful dream;

FROM eyes she fashioned rare delights,

Her eyes that shine like Southern stars
From dim lagoons on summer nights;

WITH lips as sweet as Char- treuse wine

She framed for me a promise fair,
A promise strange and half-divine;

AND then from lips, and eyes, and hair,

From dream, delight, and promise fair,
She wove for me a dainty snare.

FOR this exotic bauble fine,
I gave to her without regret
This body, heart and soul of mine.

toplay in the country and his scores for feature pictures are copied everywhere. Every scene in a photoplay shown at the California is set to music that blends with the action perfectly. He works hours and hours arranging his musical programs and has the aid of an operator who runs the picture time and time again until Elinor is satisfied that he has caught the mood of that particular scene. He has a librarian and an assistant, a piano player and transposer and this big crew of experts work with him in preparing the concerts and the music for the photoplays.

To the audience, sitting comfortably in the opera chairs and watching the picture and listening to the perfectly blended musical accompaniment it may seem a simple thing to combine the harmony with the action of the curtain but it means many hours of painstaking work each week.

SENSE OR NOT

BY MEL.

The life of a star depends on her brilliancy.

It is better to have loved and lost, than to pay alimony.

What has become of the baldheaded man, who used to sit in the front row at the theatre now that moving pictures have become popular?

If the censors keep on, there will be no more bare walls, exposed table legs, or naked Teddys. I should say, "Teddy Bears."

He: "Do you know, I feast on your kisses?"

She: "Well, from now on, you are going to start dieting."

THEY were taking a scene near Hollywood the other day and were using one of the many manholes that decorate the city streets. Just as the comedian came upon the open manhole closely followed by the comedy cop, the comedian dropped into the hole. The cop came to a sudden stop, he was bewildered, the director grabbed his megaphone, rushed over to the manhole and yelled down.

"What's the big idea? You're not supposed to drop into this manhole, it's the cops place to do that; how do you expect to get the laugh?"

A head slowly appeared over the edge of the manhole, it was the comedian. He looked off in the direction of a vanishing auto.

"Listen, Boss, I got the laugh alright. I owe the guy in that auto ten bucks."

HE was young and handsome,
She was old and bent;
She had stacks of money,
He had not a cent.

He led her to the altar
Where they were made as one,
She leaned on him for her support
While the act was done.

At last she died, and passed away,
And he was left alone;
With nothing but her fortune,
And a large sized country home.

In after years when he grew old
Support he needed sure—
So he found himself a young wife
Whose manners were demure.

She couldn't stand the heavy strain
'Twas more than she could bear.
She let him fall beneath a car,
And his remains flew everywhere.

Then she was left a fortune
The country home to-boot,
And she's married to her sweetheart now,
And Gee—their baby's cute.

The SHAME of SLEEPY HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 30.)

Elinor Glyn one-stepping with Sir Gilbert Parker or Rupert Hughes sitting it out with Gloria Swanson, Lionel Belmore prancing about with Marjorie Daw or Milton Sills dancing with his wife. In fact, wives seem to be quite *au fait* in Hollywood, however, notwithstanding, but.

Here is a bright and crushing observation that has just occurred to me. During the past three years a perfect army of "imminent" authors has lived in Hollywood and only one of them has written unkindly about our town, and he is a terrible old grouch who would muck-rake the Epworth League. And remember this, these authors are professional observers, yet they haven't observed any of the gorgeous drug debaucheries that a lot of "special correspondents" are recording in the news syndicates.

No, puzzled reader, these tales of "love cults" and "dope rings" are just good old newspaper hokum. The only real evidence I can offer in the use of narcotics is the hectic nonsense emanating from the drugged sconces of the newspaper fellows, who have been looking at Hollywood through dope rings of their own blowing.



A beautiful set of hand-painted, celluloid fire-tongs will be given to the first bright little boy who can name the owner of these clothes.

WOMEN WHO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES

I would venture to say that time and again you have turned around when you have passed a particularly striking looking woman on the street to see if you could find out just what made you look the second time. Now, that is the point I am going to bring out in this little article. That elusive something that makes you want to look again. Is it beauty, style, youth or beautiful skin? Or is it a combination which the psychologists call personality?

Now, personality, the story writers say, is a gift: but it is not a gift. It is something each one of us may have if we want it. From the daily contact in our business with hundreds of women of all ages and stations, we have learned to class personality under a more definite, more generally approachable head—WOMEN WHO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

Good looks play a big part on the world's stage. It means a combination of style, colorful skin, beautiful hair, properly gowned, and to carry the body gracefully. Once you acquire this kind of personality others will turn to look at you, and will say, there goes a beautiful woman. I have learned that once a woman starts to really pay attention to her looks and style, the personality thing becomes a fact and a part and parcel of her individuality.

It's the start you want. But before you start in a direction that will accomplish your aim, not a temporary transit change like a snail, just to touch it and it will recede into its shell, but a permanent start, one that will give you so much encouragement at the outset that the transition will give birth to the individuality you are trying to bring out. Either through lack of time, worries or many responsibilities you have allowed your personality to become dull.

There is no excuse for any woman to offer in this twentieth century for having a discolored complexion, heavy mouth lines or a stringy, flabby throat.

Remember above all things—learn to smile and have a kind word for those you chance to meet. In doing so you throw out sunshine and this indeed plays a big part in your personality.

Bessie L. Barber

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Next week's article will be "Why Does Your Husband Neglect You."

